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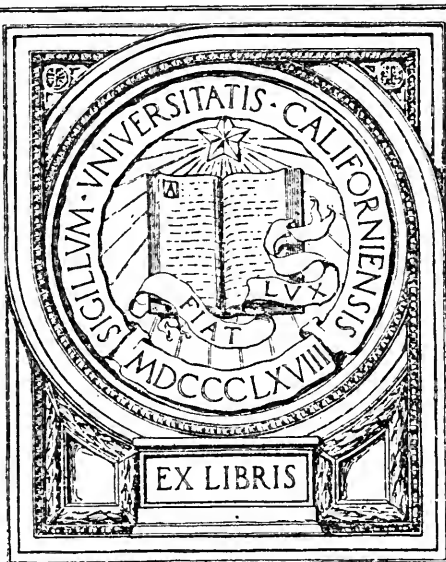
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AT
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THE
ENCHANTED LAKE

OF THE
FAIRY MORGANA.

[T 12th - Mar 1806]

FROM THE ORLANDO INAMORATO OF
FRANCESCO BERNI.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ISAAC RILEY AND CO.

Lithographic Office.

1806.

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ALBIONIA TO THE
HONORABLE SENATE
District of } **BE IT REMEMBERED,** That, on the
New-York, } ^{28.} twentieth day of May, in the thirtieth year
of the Independence of the United States of America, **RICHARD**
ALSOB, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office, the
Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the
words following, to wit :

“ The Enchanted Lake of the Fairy Morgana, from the Or-
lando Inamorato of Francesco Berni.”

IN CONFORMITY to the Act of the Congress of the United
States, entitled “ An Act for the Encouragement of Learning,
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EDWARD DUNSCOMB,
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P R E F A C E.

THE Orlando Inamorato, from which the following beautiful allegorical story is taken, is one of the most celebrated poems of Italy and rivals in popularity the Furioso of the immortal Ariosto.

This singular production was originally written by *Matteo Maria Boiardo*, count of Scandiano, a place dependent on the dutchy of Ferrara, and published in 1496, two years after the death of its author. Though Boiardo is admitted to have possessed an uncommon brilliancy of imagination, and a happy talent for invention, yet his work appears to have been little more than a compilation (principally from the fabulous chronicle of Turpin) of the various popular tales relative to the Paladins, or peers of Charlemagne, connected and enlivened by additions of his own invention, and rendered in some degree conducive to the general action, or actions of the poem. It is, however, principally indebted for its high reputation to the labours of FRANCESCO BERNI, a cotemporary of Ariosto, who improved and polished the style, harmonized the versifi-

cation, added many stanzas and moral reflections, and as the title expresses, recast it, and has thus converted the rude structure of Boiardo into a magnificent Gothic edifice, which cannot fail of impressing the mind with wonder and delight, though the component parts are deficient in proportion, and frequently exhibit a strange and discordant mixture of materials.

This poem is of great length, consisting of three books, subdivided into numerous cantos. Its principal subject is the achievements of the celebrated Orlando, performed for the love of Angelica, daughter of Galaphron king of Cathay, and the adventures of the most renowned Paladins and distinguished Saracen knights, whose names are rendered familiar to the reader of English poetry by Mr. Hoole's well-known version of Ariosto. It contains three distinct epic actions ; the siege of Albracca, by Agrican king of Tartary, a rejected suitor of Angelica—the invasion of France by Gradasso, king of Sericana, in order to obtain Rinaldo's horse and the sword of Orlando ; and lastly, that of the same country by Agrimant, emperor of Africa, and Marsilius, king of Spain. This last adventure constitutes the principal subject of the *Furioso* of Ariosto, who has continued and brought it to a conclusion from the *Inamo-*

rato, in which it is left imperfect. These different actions are interspersed with a great variety of separate adventures and stories in the manner of the *Furioso*, but less connected with the principal subject, and much more extravagant than those contained in that work.

Though, considered as a poem, the *Inamorato* is, in every respect, far inferior to the *Furioso*, yet it is certainly a very interesting, and it may be truly added a fascinating production. Its style, variety of adventures, allusions to common life, mixture of comic humour, occasional display of vulgar manners, and even its extravagance, are admirably adapted to render it a favourite with the people.

Were this poem possessed of no other recommendation, than that of giving rise to the *Furioso*, and having served as a model in many respects to the imitable Cervantes, (who has frequently copied with the happiest success, the burlesque* style of Berni,) it would well deserve the attention of the classic reader. But the merit of the *Inamorato*, is not merely relative. The great variety of incident and wonderful

* It may not be impertinent here to observe, that the burlesque style derived its appellation from Berni, who first employed and perfected it, being originally called the Berniscan, and afterwards by corruption the burlescan, whence our English word burlesque.

adventures which it contains, cannot fail of pleasing all who delight in fiction. Many of the stories are interesting, and happily told, the descriptions are brilliant, sometimes sublime, and often display great beauty of imagery, and felicity of expression. The prognostics of the storm, previously to the sailing of Rodomonte from Africa, the tempest itself, and the demeanour of that daring chieftain, are delineated with a masterly hand, and would not suffer by a comparison with some of the best descriptions in poetry. It must be acknowledged, however, that the images are often low and disgusting, the stile frequently mean and vulgar, and that the retorts of the heroes, appear to partake more of the low buffoonery, and coarse invective of Lazzaroni, than the courtly stile of chivalry.

But it is not the intention of the translator of the following tale, to enter into a critical examination of the merits of the *Inamorato*; some account of the poem and its author, appeared to him requisite to be given, and he has only to observe that this version, not originally intended for publication, is chiefly designed to give some idea of that celebrated and singular poem, and is the first specimen of equal length, he presumes, that has hitherto been presented to the English reader. Though the entire work, is not, in

his opinion, susceptible of an English dress ; he proposes, should this be received with approbation, occasionally to furnish such other selections, as may appear best suited to the public taste.

With respect to the stile of the version, the translator readily acknowledges, that he has in some instances been induced to imitate that adopted by the late ingenious Mr. Way, in his version of the *Fabliaux*, which from the occasional introduction of antiquated words, he conceives admirably adapted to this species of composition, and best suited to the genius of the original.

R. A.

ERRATA.

- Page 4 last line for "monster" read "monsters."
 — 6 line 15 after "exclaimed" insert a semicolon.
 — 9 line 13 after "shore" dele comma.
 — 9 line 15 for "encircled round" read "fast lock'd around."
 — 31 line 20 after fled, insert a comma.
 — 38 line 9 after leaf, insert comma.
 — — line 17 for "strange" read "strong."
 Page 55 line 2 of the poetry, for "Profused" read "Profuse"
 — 57 line 1 before "shouldst" read "but."
 — 58 line 16 at the beginning, for "to" read "on."
 — — line 19 after combat insert a comma.
 — 68 line 11 for "elegant" read "excellent."



The Adventure of the Lake.

FROM THE SECOND BOOK OF THE ORLANDO INAMORATO OF
FRANCESCO BERNI.

YE who in stories of romance delight,
The spell-fram'd monster and intrepid knight,
List to the strange, the pleasing tale I tell
Of what the Count Orlando erst befel,
When he th'abode of fam'd Morgana sought,
And such high deeds and proud atchievements
wrought.

When now Orlando had, as late was seen,
Destroy'd the garden of Orgagna's queen,(1)
The monsters slain, the furious giants quell'd,
Each toil surmounted and each charm dispell'd,

He, by that sorceress fair attended, went
To free the captives in her dungeons pent,
On foot he far'd, his Brigliadoro lost,
And many a plain and weary mountain cross'd.

As thus they pass'd, conversing on the way,
Along a devious road they chanc'd to stray,
Whose course conducted to a river's side
That deep and silent pour'd an ample tide:
A bridge, of structure strange, o'er-arch'd the flood,
On which, high-rais'd, a fence of iron stood,
Whose midmost part a narrow wicket show'd
That scarce admittance for a man allow'd.
Amidst a mead with gloomy cypress spread,
Beyond the bridge a turret rear'd its head;
Around the mead, slow-circling, roll'd the tide,
And in a deep dark lake expanded wide.
This was the spot, as erst you've heard me tell,(2)
Where such mishap the boldest knights befel,
The lake in which had Arridano thrown
The two brave friends and Amon's* valiant son.(3)

* Rinaldo.

Where Dudon since an equal fate had found,
In vain for prowess and for strength renown'd,
For 'gainst that robber's force no strength avail'd,
The bravest knights, the strongest champions fail'd.
The arms and vestments of each hapless knight,
By him or pris'ner made, or slain in fight,
As tokens of his fame and their disgrace,
Proud was he wont amid the grove to place:
High o'er the rest a cypress' trunk display'd
Rinaldo's mantle, arms, and beamy blade.
When now Orlando and the sorceress drew
To where the stream and bridge appear'd in view,
Pale grew her face, her limbs with terror shook.
And to the warrior thus, alarm'd, she spoke:
' O valiant knight, since cruel fate has led
' Our wand'ring steps this fatal path to tread,
' Since o'er us both destruction hovers near,
' Attend my words, and to my counsels hear!
' Within that tower a murd'rous robber dwells,
' Who all in deeds of villainy excels.
' Whome'er untoward fortune hither brings
' In yonder lake the ruthless villain flings,

‘ Strength more than human the charm’d ruffian shares
‘ And Arridano is the name he bears.
‘ Beneath the waters of the gloomy lake
‘ A far-fam’d fairy does her dwelling make,
‘ Morgana call’d, who erst, by magic’s aid,
‘ A curious horn of wond’rous beauty made;
‘ Such power, ’tis said, the magic horn endued
‘ Whene’er ’twas sounded death the blast ensued.
‘ Long were the tale, and difficult to tell
‘ The num’rous victims of this potent spell:—
‘ Suffice to say, a knight who thither came,(4)
‘ Unknown to me his country or his name,
‘ The bulls subdued, the furious dragon slew,
‘ And armies springing from the earth o’erthrew.
‘ Enrag’d, the fairy saw her charm destroy’d,
‘ The boasted charm that long her skill employ’d,
‘ And this devis’d, the pride of magic lore,
‘ A spell surpassing all e’er known before;
‘ Against its force all human strength is vain,
‘ Who hither comes, comes only to be slain.
‘ Him hopeful to destroy, whose pow’rful arm
‘ Subdued the monsters and dispell’d the charm,

‘ The vengeful fairy form’d this plot, should e’er
‘ Chance or adventure bold conduct him here.
‘ For this the mead, the lake, the bridge she wrought;
‘ For this, ’midst villains infamous, has sought
‘ This wretch most impious, whose unequall’d crimes
‘ Would shock the tenants of th’infernal climes:
‘ Beneath the fairy’s gift, secur’d from harms,
‘ The caitiff combats in enchanted arms,
‘ And such the wond’rous spell, his force in fight
‘ Six times exceeds his adversary’s might.
‘ Then since all human prowess here is vain,
‘ Nor strength however great the conflict can sustain,
‘ Tempt not the enterprize, thy death ’twill be,
‘ And mine is certain when depriv’d of thee:
‘ Our hope of safety sole remains in flight,
‘ If haply we have scap’d the ruffian’s sight.’
Smiling, replied the knight.—‘ Nought here below
‘ Can make me turn; I dread no human foe.
‘ For thee my heart with pity glows sincere,
‘ Thou left alone a timid woman here;
‘ But comfort take and on my aid depend,
‘ For arms and courage succour sure will lend.’

‘ O fly sir knight ! O turn from death away !
‘ Thy courage here in vain wouldst thou essay.
‘ Not fam’d Orlando aught could here avail;
‘ Here Charlemain and all his court would fail.
‘ I grieve my life to lose, but more I plain
‘ That thou a noble knight should’st here be slain;
‘ A woman I, of small account am found,
‘ Thou, courteous, wise, for deeds of arms renown’d.’
These soothing words, accompanied with tears,
With feelings not unmov’d Orlando hears;
Wav’ring he stands, half-prompted to return,
While thoughts conflicting in his bosom burn ;
Till o’er the bridge Rinaldo’s arms on high,
Fix’d to the lofty cypress, caught his eye.
The arms he knew, and, weeping, thus exclaim’d;
‘ O thou, the flower of knights, of champions fam’d
‘ The peerless pride! who hath thee thus disgrac’d ?
‘ Who hath thee slain and here this trophy plac’d ?
‘ By arts of treach’ry hast thou been assail’d,
‘ As else against thee worlds had ne’er prevail’d.
‘ Lov’d cousin mine! from Paradise O hear,
‘ To thy Orlando lend a pitying ear !

‘ Though late, by love bewildering led astray,(5)
‘ In passion lost, to jealousy a prey,
‘ I wrong’d thy worth ; tho’ ’twixt us twain arose
‘ From causes vain, the deadly strife of foes,
‘ I ever held thee dear; with tears, I own
‘ The fault was mine, and mine the blame alone :
‘ Forgive thy friend, and charge not his offence,
‘ To want of love, but alienated sense.’

Orlando thus his kinsman’s fate deplor’d,
And grasp’d his shield, and drew his shining sword,
The fated sword, ’gainst which no spells avail,
No strength of arms, no charmed helm or mail,
Whose virtue such, and such its keenness tried,
’Twould iron, steel or adamant divide,
By Falerina wrought, with magic skill,
As erst I’ve told, the Paladin to kill.

By grief to fury wrought the knight impell’d,
On to the bridge his course impetuous held,
The iron barrier broke, in pieces hew’d,
And to the meadow swift his way pursued.
Beneath the cypress, Arridano lay,
And on Rinaldo’s spoils, in pleas’d survey,

Exulting fix'd his eyes :—When, lo ! the knight
In hostile guise advancing, met his sight;
Surpriz'd, his massy club the robber took,
Light sprung from earth, and thus fierce-threat'ning
spoke :

‘ Wretch, whosoe’er thou art, prepare to die !
‘ Not all the powers in Paradise on high,
‘ Thee from my wrath and fury can defend,
‘ Nor Trivigante, or Macon here befriend.’

Furious he spoke, and aiming from above,
With both his hands the dreadful mace he drove ;
The mace descending with a thund’ring stroke
Dash’d the strong shield—the shield in shivers broke—
In wild contortions reels the knight around,
Stunn’d by the blow, and falls upon the ground.
To seize him quick the ruthless villain sped,
Intent to plunge him in the wat’ry bed,
The lake wherein full many a knight was thrown,
Of rank illustrious and of high renown.
The Count, tho’ fallen, still was undismay’d ;
As stoop’d his foe, he whirl’d the fated blade,
In vain th’ enchanted shield oppos’d the stroke—
Th’ enchanted shield it cleft, the corslet broke,

And thence descending with resistless sway
 Rent from his side the cov'ring mail away,
 And slight a wound impress'd: with eyes on fire
 Wild rag'd the giant with redoubled ire,
 And heav'd the mace on high—his active foe
 Light threw himself aside, and 'scap'd the menac'd
 blow,

While at his leg a stroke transverse he made—
 The club descending met the keen-edg'd blade,
 Sheer thro' the pond'rous mace the falchion went,
 And to the ground the end divided sent.
 Loud Arridano roar'd, like some wild beast
 Reft of its young or close by hunters prest,
 And furious seiz'd the knight, and to the shore,
 With falcon speed the struggling champion bore,
 And with him, in his arms ^{fast lock'd} encircled around,
 Plung'd to the bottom of the lake profound:
 Dash'd by the pond'rous fall the waters rave,
 And boils in eddies white the closing wave.

No longer there durst Falerina stay,
 But wing'd by terror speeds her flight away,

Like some thin leaf that's shaken by the wind,
She trembles, starts, and often looks behind;
Whatever meets her sight, whate'er her ear,
In all she deems, the dreaded robber near.

8 Meantime, in cruel grasp together strain'd,
The hostile pair the lake's deep bottom gain'd;
Thence Arridano bore the struggling knight,
In vain contending 'gainst his magic might,
All might surpassing. Down a long descent,
Thus clasp'd, a dark and miry road they went;
At length, emerging from the dreary way,
A mead they reach'd with flowers and verdure gay.
Struck with the scene Orlando lifts his eyes,
And sees the light of day with wild surprise;
Soft breath'd the air around, and o'er his head
The magic lake's suspended waves were spread,
While from above, faint gleaming thro' the wave,
The sun's mild rays an added beauty gave.
Three miles in circuit stretch'd the lovely mead—
Around a wall of purest crystal spread,
Beyond, a little verdant mountain rose,
Rich with each varied flower that fragrant blows.

The ruthless villain, on this beauteous plain,
Was wont to spoil the captives he had ta'en.
When here the Count Orlando he had brought,
With ease to strip him of his arms he thought;
He, like the rest, discourag'd deem'd the knight,
Nor longer able to contend in fight.

Fallacious thought—far else had fate decreed!
Scarce from his iron grasp the Count was freed,
Scarce found himself releas'd, when, undismay'd,
Fierce on his foe he sprung with lifted blade,
The giant's helm the trenchant weapon found,
The enchanted helm it cleft, but fail'd to wound.
Nought reck'd the robber this—in proud disdain
He cried, 'Thy toil is here but labour vain,
'Such blows might serve to frighten flies away,
'But for this one a hundred I'll repay.'

He said, and hurl'd on high the pond'rous mace,
Whose force had shook a mountain to its base;
Aside Orlando leap'd—with fruitless aim,
In thunder driven, the mace descending came,
Deep groan'd the solid earth beneath the stroke,
The mountain echo'd and the meadow shook.

Now 'twixt the twain a fiercer strife arose,
With deadlier ire inflam'd the battle glows,
This cloth'd in strength beyond all human might,
In valor that excell'd and skill in fight :
The giant wields his mace, with thundering sound,
Thick, heavy, fall the erring blows around ;
In vain he strikes, for still his wary foe
With dext'rous speed eludes the coming blow,
Now foins, now feints, now shifts his ground and tries
Each varied stratagem that skill supplies.
Far else the robber fares—his streaming blood
From three deep wounds effused a crimson flood ;
At length the knight the glad advantage spy'd
And drove his falchion thro' the caitiff's side,
Whose life-blood issuing with the fleeting breath,
Writhing he fell, extended pale in death.

Freed from his foe alone the Count remain'd ;
Nought else of life the silent mead contain'd ;
Around in vain his anxious eyes are thrown,
He sees the mountain and the wall alone
Whose ramparts white, the mead encircling wide,
All access to the flow'ry mount denied.

Cut in the crystal rock, at length, he found
A lofty gate with sculptur'd figures crown'd,
Of rich device and workmanship most rare,
That in the world could nought with it compare.
Thither he came, and entering he survey'd
A story old, with wond'rous art portray'd.
Depicted there the lab'rinth's maze appear'd,
The Minotaur his form terrific rear'd,
There Ariadne bloom'd in beauty's pride,
While Theseus stood attentive at her side
As to his hands she gave the guiding clue,
And taught the means the monster to subdue.
With gold and pearls the rich mosaic shin'd,
And ev'ry gem its various hues combin'd;
There flam'd the topaz, glow'd the ruby's red,
Its prisms rays the lucid diamond shed,
The mimic sky with azure sapphires beam'd,
And in the verdure bright the emerald gleam'd.

But little heed to this Orlando paid,
As small account of works of art he made;
The gate he left and downward held his way,
Where thro' the hollow'd rock a passage lay—

Along the dreary grotto's deep descent,
Four miles or more, a road obscure he went.
At length, the outlet reach'd, a flood of light
At once in splendor burst upon his sight,
Bright as the mid-day sun the radiance glow'd,
And fair each object round illumin'd show'd.
A river near him roll'd its lucid tide—
Beyond the stream a plain extended wide,
With pearls all cover'd and with jewels gay,
That o'er it heap'd in vast profusion lay.
Less num'rous shine the stars in winter bright,
When purest azure decks the vault of night;
With fainter hues, in number less, the flow'rs
That spring, with lavish hand, o'er nature pours.
This plain Morgana's secret treasure held,
Her countless wealth the fairy here conceal'd,
She who with partial hand her gifts bestows,
Riches to these and poverty to those.
Amidst th' innumerable gems a wond'rous stone
Far o'er the rest in dazzling lustre shone,
A flame of fire it seem'd—from this the light
Beam'd wide around in noon-day splendor bright.

A narrow bridge the stream extended o'er,
Which twenty paces stretch'd from shore to shore ;
Fix'd at the farther end an image stood
Whose iron-frame a man in armour shew'd.
As near Orlando drew, the pass to try,
The image rais'd his pond'rous club on high—
Arm'd with his sword advanc'd th' intrepid knight,
But as the bridge he reach'd, with furious might
The figure dash'd his club—to atoms broke
The slender structure fell beneath the stroke.
Fix'd to the ground, the knight in wonder stood,
When, strange to tell, slow-rising from the flood,
In the same spot another bridge appear'd,
And o'er the wave its magic structure rear'd :
Again he fearless tries the pass to gain,
Again th' attempt the image renders vain.
Thus frequent foil'd, impatient of delay,
Since here no hope he sees to force his way,
He desp'rate ran, and, as with wings supply'd,
Arm'd as he was leap'd lightly o'er the tide.

When now the plain he reach'd, in bright display
Where the rich fairy's boundless treasures lay,

He saw what seem'd a king,—a figure crown'd,
Seated in state, with numbers standing round,
Form'd all of gold, and o'er them thickly strown
Pearls, rubies, diamonds intermingled shone.
All seem'd in high respect the king to hold ;
Before him richly wrought in colour'd gold,
A table spread with costliest meats was plac'd,
Of rare procurance and of daintiest taste ;
But from above, suspended by a thread,
A pointed sword hung threat'ning o'er his head,
And on his left stood one with bended bow,
As at the ford expectant of the doe.
Near on the right a second held his place,
Alike in form, in stature and in face ;
Who in his hand an open scroll display'd,
Which bore these words, in letters fair portray'd :
' Small is the worth of riches and of state
On whose possession fear and peril wait ;
And what of joy can silken pomp afford
When dire suspicion haunts its gloomy lord ?'
Wretched appear'd the king, his jealous eye
E'er seem'd to dread some treason lurking nigh.

Of richest workmanship, before him placed,
A lily wrought in gold the table graced,
From whose proud top a bright translucent stone,
A carbuncle of wond'rous beauty shone.
Large was the place and square of form, the ground
With flint was paved, of flint the wall around.
Four roads adverse from this inclosure led,
O'er each of which a splendid gate was spread,
No opening else the massy wall contain'd,
Nor from without the light admittance gain'd,
The carbuncle alone with splendent ray
Pour'd wide around the noontide blaze of day.

Not long admiring here Orlando stood,
But to a portal near his way pursued.
Dark was the entrance, not a ray of light
Pierc'd the thick vapours of surrounding night;
In vain to grope his way the warrior tried,
The dark obstructed road all pass denied—
Again he back return'd, and sought around
If other outlet might from thence be found,
In vain in eager search around he goes,
Dark and more dark each gloomy passage shows.

Awhile suspensive stood the knight, nor knew
What measures to adopt, what course pursue,
At length to thought recurr'd the precious stone
That like enkindled fire bright-blazing shone.
To take it he advanced—as near he drew
From the bent bow the ready arrow flew,
Struck from the lily's top the ruddy light,
And left the Count involv'd in hopeless night:
An earthquake shook the place, with fearful sound
Deep-groan'd on every side the rock around,
But he, whose courage danger never quell'd,
Unmov'd remain'd and firm his footing held.
At length the earthquake ceas'd, again the light
Diffus'd new lustre from the lily's height,
To seize the gem again Orlando tries,
Again the golden shaft unerring flies,
A direr earthquake heaves the trembling ground,
And deeper darkness spreads its glooms around.
Once more the darkness fled, the stone once more
Resum'd its place—still brighter than before.
The knight who now perceiv'd th' attempt ^{was} vain
If still as erst pursued, the gem to gain,

His buckler took and wide before it spread—
From the bent bow his shaft the archer sped,
But vain the shaft its course unerring held
The covering shield its feeble stroke repell'd.
Without obstruction then the stone he took,
And by its guiding light the place forsook.

But as the Count by chance directed went,
Not to the right hand gate his course he bent,
Which upwards by a smooth and easy way
Had soon conducted to the light of day,
But where the left a downward passage shew'd,
'Mid more than stygian gloom, the road pursu'd
On to th' impervious prison, where confined,
Full many a knight and damsel hopeless pined :
Where Dudon, where Rinaldo pensive stray'd,
With Brandimarte since them a prisoner made,
Whom there Morgana lured by artful wiles,
With love pretended and fallacious smiles.
Down a long marble stairway's deep descent
A mile of strange and crooked road he went,
So twisted, so obscure, that ne'er the knight
Had thence his way explored without the light,

But 'midst its windings lost and midnight gloom,
In endless wanderings there had found his tomb.
The bottom reach'd, at distance he descried
What seem'd a fissure in the cavern's side,
Thither, still guided by the friendly ray,
With slow and cautious step he bent his way.
At length a portal he perceiv'd that gave
A joyful outlet from the gloomy cave,
Whose cornice rough, engraved this sentence held :
 ' O thou, whose steps hath fortune here impell'd,
 ' Know that with ease an entrance thou can'st gain,
 ' But think not to return—the thought is vain
 ' Unless you first th' elusive fairy seize,
 ' More light than air, more changeful than the breeze,
 ' Who round the mountain, round the meadow green
 ' Incessant whirls, nor ever fix'd is seen,
 ' Who bald behind like withered age appears,
 ' And o'er her forehead fair her tresses wears.'

The Count, whose mind on other thoughts was bent
But slight attention to th' inscription lent.
The gate he passed and onward held his way
Where fair below a lovely meadow lay,

Rapt in delight the scene around explores,
And treads the herbage gay with vivid flowers,
For not within the world's encircling bound
A place so passing beauteous could be found.
Serene the air, the sky of purest blue
Exceeded far the sapphire's radiant hue,
Wide stretch'd beneath the flower-enamell'd mead
Of tenderest green a beauteous carpet spread,
Adorn'd with balmy shrubs and blossom'd trees
That threw their perfumes on th' enamour'd breeze,
Whose boughs at once the bursting bud unfold,
Gleam gay with flowers and glow with vegetable gold.
At distance from the gate a wall appear'd,
That cross the mead its glittering rampart rear'd,
And form'd a mirror of transparent stone
From whence the garden bright reflected shone.

Thither his course th' admiring Count pursued,
When 'midst the mead a fountain fair he view'd;
Enchas'd with precious stones of every kind
Immix'd with costliest pearls the fountain shin'd,
There on the herbage green extended lay
Wrapp'd in soft slumber's folds, th' enchanting
Fay—

In her bright features and attractive mien
Such winning grace, such loveliness was seen,
As would with pleasure fill the heart of woe,
And give despair with new-born hope to glow;
O'er her fair face a lovely smile was spread,
Slender her well-turn'd limbs and form'd for speed,
No locks behind their graceful length unfold,
But o'er her forehead wave in curling gold,
Thin were her glossy robes of white and red
That still when caught the grasp elusive fled.

In wonder and delight his senses chain'd,
Fix'd to the spot the Paladin remain'd ;
As gazing on her with enraptur'd sight
He stands, these words arrest the wond'ring knight.
' Why stand'st thou loitering thus? Ah! seize the
 ' prize,
' Seize the bright trait'ress who before thee lies ;
' Unless those roving limbs thou dost confine,
' Fatigue and pain and sorrow will be thine.'
Surpris'd he turn'd, and guided by the sound,
Soon reach'd with silent step the crystal mound,
Which near the fountain rose, so clear and bright
No spot it shew'd, nor aught obstructed sight.

When thither come, beyond the rampart clear,
He Dudon sees, a hapless captive there—
Each sees and knows, and at the other's sight
In bitter tears laments each noble knight,
They stretch their arms in vain—th' opposing space
Forbids to meet, forbids the fond embrace.
Meantime, Rinaldo, Brandimarte drew near,
Lock'd arm in arm the valiant chiefs appear :
When them Orlando saw no bounds he kept,
But wildly raved with rage, with sorrow wept.
Their story heard he felt still keener grief,
Since nought of hope he found to yield relief,
The crystal wall three feet in thickness spread,
And high in air arose its glittering head,
Nor human strength or art could aught avail
To force th' inclosure, or its height to scale.
He sees his friends nor yet can aid impart,
He sees them near while torture wrings his heart—
Stung with the thought, by maddening rage impell'd,
Prepar'd to strike the wall his sword he held.
When, with one voice—' O stay !' the prisoners
 ' cried,
' O stay ! or ruin sure will us betide—

‘ For such the spell that should the wall you see
‘ Defaced or broken in the smallest be,
‘ With it we sink within the cavern’s gloom,
‘ And find at once our prison and our tomb.’

A damsel then, who sunk in sorrow seem’d,
Whose pallid features still with beauty beam’d,
Approach’d and said, “ Here all attempts are vain,
‘ But by one way cans’t thou admittance gain,
‘ Yon splendid gate that only passage shows,
‘ That bright with diamonds, and with emeralds
glows.

‘ But there nor courage, strength, or skill avail,
‘ There threats are empty, flattery’s arts will fail,
‘ Nought can the gate uncloze, the passage free,
‘ Unless Morgana yield the fatal key—
‘ But that to gain, with shame, fatigue, and toil,
‘ Must thou her flight pursue for many a mile,
‘ That slight compared to this wilt thou esteem
‘ Thy former toils, and light each suffering deem,
‘ Thus her to follow o’er the desert wild,
‘ With certain pain, by treach’rous hope beguil’d.
‘ But virtue e’er prevails, with that to friend
‘ Who perseveres will conquer in the end.

‘Thou see’st these noble knights, these damsels fair,
‘Who captive pine in bonds of pale despair,
‘On thy exertions sole depends their fate,
‘From thee alone their rescue they await.
‘But turn, Sir Knight, no longer here abide,
‘As chance the fairy may not thee have spied,
‘And to the fount with speed again repair,
‘For haply still you’ll find Morgana there.’

To this the impatient warrior nought replied,
But back returning sought the fountain’s side.
New risen from sleep he there Morgana found
Who lightly skimm’d the verdant marge around
In graceful dance, the while she sweetly sung,
And on the notes enraptur’d echo hung.
Turns not the leaf so lightly to the wind
As turn’d the fairy, now to earth declin’d
Her eyes she cast, and now to heaven she threw,
While thus her song the charm’d attention drew.

‘Whoever seeks for wealth, or joy desires,
‘Whom pleasure prompts, or proud ambition fires,
‘Let him but seize this golden lock of hair
‘Which o’er my forehead waves in ringlets fair,

‘ And I will make him blest, his wishes grant,
‘ Fulfil each hope, anticipate each want ;
‘ But when occasion smiles with aspect gay,
‘ To seize the favor let him not delay,
‘ For slighted once I never more return,
‘ But turn my back, and leave the wretch to mourn.’
Thus sung the fairy constant whirling round,
So light that scarce her footsteps touch’d the ground;
But when she saw the Count she turn’d and fled,
The fountain quitting and the flowery mead,
And up a rugged mountain took her way,
In which inclos’d a little valley lay ;
Thither, full closely, he her flight pursued,
And reach’d at length a place more wildly rude
Than knows Arabia, or the desert sand
Where hot Zaära’s shifting plains expand ;
Rugged with stones, with brambles mantled o’er,
A place so dreary ne’er was seen before.

And now dark grew the sky—in murky clouds,
Still thick’ning fast, the sun his radiance shrouds,
The wind wild rises, loud the tempest roars,
Rain mix’d with hail-stones o’er the desert pours,

Dread bursts the thunder, blue the lightning gleams,
Wide flashes round, or darts in arrowy streams,
Thick spreads the mist o'er mountain and o'er plain,
And heaven appears dissolv'd in floods of rain.
Still grows the tempest—fled the light of day,
Alone the lightning lends its lurid ray,
Rent by the wind the trees uprooted lie,
The beasts affrighted from their coverts fly,
And foxes, doves, the serpent's venom'd brood,
Slain by the storm lie scatter'd o'er the wood ;
For no protection, no defence avails,
When dread misfortune's bitter storm assails !

O'er the rough mountain, 'mid the gloomy dells,
Through dangerous ways the Count his course impels,
Where the big torrents foaming down the steep
The banks and rocks in one wide ruin sweep,
While far is heard the crash and echoing groan
Of falling forests by the wind o'erthrown.
Yet little recks he this—but still proceeds,
Nor danger nor fatigue his course impedes,
Still holds the chace resolv'd to take the fay
Or that his life the vain attempt should pay,

But each new step fresh obstacles supplies,
Toil grows on toil, on perils perils rise ;
When lo ! wild wailing from a cavern came,
Meagre and pale, a lothly-looking dame,
Soil'd were her vestments coarse, of earthy dye,
And in her hand she waved a whip on high,
With which she ceaseless scourg'd herself, and tore
The quiv'ring flesh, and bath'd her sides in gore.
Pitying the knight this meagre form beheld,
And ask'd what cause such conduct strange impell'd.
To whom the hag : ' In me Repentance know,
' Stranger to peace, of every joy the foe—
' Whom fortune shuns I seek, with him I stay,
' Nor quit his couch by night, his side by day ;
' And since she thee forsook on yonder mead,
' I thy companion come, by fate decreed
' To haunt thy steps, and while she flies from thee
' Shalt thou be follow'd and be scourg'd by me :
' Nor strength or bravery will avail thee aught,
' Unless with all-enduring patience fraught.'
' Patience,' replied the Count, ' may suit the slave,
' But ill that coward virtue fits the brave ;

‘ Think not to beat me like some losel base,
‘ And that I’ll tamely yield to such disgrace,
‘ But o’er this dreary desert guide my way,
‘ And as a friend my wearied footsteps stay.’

He said, and turn’d abrupt, with quicken’d speed
To chace the fairy who at distance fled,
When the wild form her frantic cry began,
And, with strange gestures, circling round him ran,
And oft with shameful stripes his shoulders beat,
As one condemn’d the penal scourge to meet.
With rage, chagrin and shame Orlando burn’d,
And tow’rds the hag with furious look he turn’d
And threaten’d death—yet answer none she made,
Nor to his threats the least attention paid,
But as he ’gan the fairy to pursue
She wav’d her whip and follow’d him anew;
Still, constant as his shade, where’er he goes
She follows close, and oft repeats her blows.
Enrag’d at length, with iron-clenched fist
He at her face a furious blow addrest,
That stroke he deem’d the hag would sure have sped,
And from her malice him for ever freed,

But wound nor harm receiv'd his wayward foe,
Whose airy form, impassive to the blow,
No more resistance offer'd to the stroke
Than a thin vapour, or a wreath of smoke:
And as he turn'd the weary chace to urge,
Again she beat him with the cutting scourge.
To madness stung, the Count each method tries,
And now his fist and now his heels he plies,
But vain his strength, his skill, his efforts all,
On empty air his idle blows still fall.
Convinc'd, at length, no force of mortal arm
Could work that female fury aught of harm,
Again he hastes the fairy to pursue
Who now had almost vanish'd from his view;
But at his back again, with hideous cries,
Her scorpion lash that fell Megæra plies:
Howe'er so fast he speeds, where'er he wheels,
Still, close, Repentance follows at his heels,
Beats him with bitter stripes, with taunts derides,
With insult mocks and fierce upbraidings chides.

The Count, tho' madd'ning passions fir'd his breast,
Yet curb'd his ire, his struggling rage repress,

Resolv'd, since fruitless all his efforts were,
Perforce with patience arm'd each ill to bear.
Nor more he turns, nor more the strife renews,
But, with increasing zeal, the fairy swift pursues.
As the fleet greyhound holds the hare in chace,
So seem'd the contest, and so swift the race;
Brambles and shrubs in vain his course oppose,
He rends the brambles, and the shrubs o'erthrows,
Wide scatter'd round the thorns and bushes lay,
And broad behind him op'd a beaten way.

Now keener grows pursuit, more tardy flight,
Still near and nearer draws the ardent knight,
Who deems the prize his own, and thinks with ease
The elusive fairy's lovely form to seize.
Fallacious hope! for e'en when seiz'd the fay
Slips from the disappointed grasp away.
To take her oft with eager hand he prest,
And now her person caught, and now her vest,
But her thin robes, of shining white and red,
As oft as caught his grasp elusive fled,
Their subtle texture still his hold deceives,
And in the moment of expectance leaves.

But, as his fortune will'd, amid the chace
As tow'rds the knight she turn'd, with smiling face,
With ready hand, at length, the lock he caught,
The golden lock, so long, so vainly sought.

Hush'd was the storm at once, and chang'd the scene,
Blue shone the sky, the air became serene,
Where the wild mountain rear'd its rugged head
A plain delightful cloth'd in verdure spread,
And late where brambles fill'd the obstructed road,
Now fragrant flowers in vivid beauty glow'd,
The bloodless form her persecutions ceas'd,
And thus, with soften'd mien, the knight address'd.
' Watch well, Sir Knight, that precious lock of gold
' Which fav'ring chance permits thee now to hold,
' And guard the important charge with strictest care,
' Lest Fortune 'scape and leave thee to despair;
' For when this fairy wears her loveliest mien,
' When most subdued she seems and most serene,
' Then dread her flight, nor her false smiles believe,
' Who trusts in her she surely will deceive,
' For on her faith can none dependance have,
' As light as air, unstable as the wave.'

Thus spoke the form and to the grotto fled,
'Mid whose lone glooms a life recluse she led.

With threats severe and mild entreaties join'd,
The Count who held the Fairy still confin'd
Of her the key requir'd: When thus she spoke,
With pleasure's semblance false, and smiling look.
' Submiss, Sir Knight, I thy behests attend,
' And to thy wishes yield, thy pleasure bend;
' Those pris'ners all at thy disposal are;
' For one alone, I my request prefer,
' A youth, of royal Monodante the son,
' Whose grace and blooming charms my heart have
won;

' In him is all my bliss, for him I sue,
' O take him not, or take me with him too;
' Leave me that youth, Sir Knight, I thee request
' By that high valour that inspires thy breast,
' And by thy god, nor give me e'er to mourn,
' Reft of my love, from every pleasure torn.'

The Count replied, ' My word I pledge to thee
' That youth to leave if thou wilt give the key,

‘But thee I will not loose, as much I fear
‘That o’er that rough and desert road, I ne’er
‘My way shall find; then let us be agreed—
‘With me shalt thou return ere thou art freed.’

He said, the Fairy from her glittering vest
Drew forth the fatal key, and thus the Count address’d.

‘Undaunted knight! this key of silver take,
‘But use with caution lest the lock you break,
‘For should that hap thou’lt meet a wretched doom,
‘Plung’d in the horrors of the cavern’s gloom,
‘And with thee all the knights imprison’d there
‘Sunk in th’ abyss the same sad fate will share;
‘Not worlds can save thee, nor my art can show
‘The means of rescue from that gulph of woe!’
From this the knight the ready inference drew,
That rarely found are those, in number few,
Who know the gifts of fortune to enjoy,
And can with skill her silver key employ.

Now tow’rds the garden, through the meadow gay,
The Count proceeded with the beauteous Fay,
Still closely held, and o’er a flow’ry road
The portal reach’d that bright with diamonds glow’d.

There, by discretion taught, with ready skill
He turn'd the key obedient to his will
Through each intricate ward, the bolts unclosè,
And open flies the gate and free the passage shows.

The knights and damsels from confinement freed
Rush joyful forth and throng the verdant mead ;
Each to the Count his grateful tribute paid,
And thank'd his God for such unlook'd for aid.
All issued thence with joy and mirthful cheer,
Him saving whom the fairy held so dear,
That youth Ziliantes call'd, so passing fair
That shone his beauty far beyond compare.
Weeping, alone within the gate he staid,
And curs'd his cruel fate, and loud lamentings made.
The Count with sorrow saw a youth so fair
Thus plung'd in grief, a prey to wild despair ;
But tho' he pitied much his hopeless woe,
Yet would he not his plighted word forego.

And now the captive band, from durance freed,
Led by Orlando to the gate proceed
That form'd the entrance to the gloomy way,
Amid whose winding vaults their passage lay.

Thither they enter'd all, and up its flight
Of marble steps soon reach'd the cavern's height,
And issuing thence the paved area gain'd,
Whose bounds the Fairy's wealth immense contain'd,
The figur'd king and those who 'round him stood,
All form'd of gold, with pearls and rubies strew'd.

The prisoners much these forms, admiring, ey'd,
And heaps of jewels spread on every side,
But fearful of some trick, or magic snare,
Not one adventur'd aught to handle there.
Rinaldo sole, whom no such fears alarm'd
Whose eager eye those heaps of wealth had charm'd,
Seiz'd a large seat of gold, of pond'rous weight,
And with it loaded, hasten'd towards the gate.
The Count, who saw him thus, advis'd in vain
To quit his hold, and let the seat remain,
Nor like some burden'd mule himself to lade.
To whom, keen taunting, thus Rinaldo said :
' I knew a monk who preach'd the sacred word
' And each indulgence censur'd as abhorr'd,
' Who urg'd the crowd through fasting to repent,
' And made his theme the saving grace of lent ;

‘ And on his doctrine had he so improv’d,
‘ That scarce with toil his load of flesh he mov’d.
‘ Like that fat friar art thou, who quite content,
‘ With well-fill’d belly, preach’d in praise of lent,
‘ His constant subject self-denial made,
‘ And to roast capon great devotion paid.
‘ On you the Emperor wealth and rank bestows,
‘ And each new day some added favour shews.
‘ Rich cities you possess and castles fair,
‘ And Count of Brava and of Anglante are ;
‘ While I a wretched fortress scarcely own,
‘ And Lord of Mount Albano am alone,
‘ Where oft to bed I supperless should go,
‘ Did I not seek it in the plain below ;
‘ And when good fortune throws it in my way
‘ To help myself to aught I’ll not delay;
‘ For this I hold—no scandal e’er proceeds
‘ From taking booty to supply our needs.’

Conversing thus, at length they reach’d the gate
Which led from thence, when, wond’rous to relate,
A furious wind, forth issuing from the rock,
Amon’s brave son with force resistless struck

Full in his breast, and back in his despite
For twenty paces drove the struggling knight ;
The rest th' impetuous wind nor harm'd nor mov'd,
Nor save Rinaldo one its fury prov'd :
But he, undaunted at the strange event,
Leap'd light from earth, and to the portal went
His prize still bearing, but when reach'd, once more
The wind impell'd him from the fatal door,
And, like a wither'd leaf, at distance cast,
Or thistle's down the sport of every blast.
Much were the rest alarm'd, Orlando most,
Who deem'd the knight would rue it to his cost,
And greatly fear'd he there would meet his fate,
And death instead of gold his rash adventure wait.

Rinaldo wondering saw, with anger wild,
His wishes frustrate and himself thus foil'd,
Yet still with strange desire the seat he ey'd,
And firm resolv'd, whatever might betide,
From thence the golden prize away to bear,
Nor will remonstrance heed, intreaty hear.

But since he well perceiv'd th' attempt was vain,
When loaded with the seat the pass to gain,
He rais'd it high in air, and round him whirl'd,
With matchless force against the opening hurl'd.
The stone not swifter issues from the sling,
Or feathery arrow from the sounding string,
Than by the vigour of that arm impell'd,
The pond'rous seat its course impetuous held;
But, by the blast repell'd the massy weight
Recoil'd in thunder from th' impervious gate.

Around Rinaldo press'd the anxious train,
And with intreaties urg'd him to abstain
From farther proof, since vain his efforts were,
But with them quit and leave th' enchantment there.
Urg'd by his friends, convinc'd, at length, that ne'er
He thence the spell-protected gold could bear,
With much reluctance left the knight behind
The prize regretted and his comrades join'd.
Thence went they all, and forth their way pursued,
For miles ascending o'er a rugged road,

And faint and weary reach'd the mead at length,
Where late that robber of unequall'd strength
Held his dread won, and glorying in his might,
On high had plac'd the armour of each knight,
From thence all took their own without delay,
And straight departed each one on his way.

THE END.

N O T E S.



N O T E S.

(1) ‘*DESTROYED the garden of Orgagna’s queen.*’—Orlando, after having slain Agrican, king of Tartary, left Albracca, at the request of his mistress Angelica, in order to destroy the enchanted garden of Falerina, queen of Orgagna. On his way thither he released a damsel, who was suspended by her hair to a pine tree, by fighting with and overcoming a knight, who guarded her. This damsel, whose name was Origilla, soon after took an opportunity of requiting this service, by stealing his horse, Brigliadoro. He then continued his journey on foot; and having arrived in the kingdom of Orgagna, saw a large croud of people armed, some on horseback and others on foot, who had with them, as prisoners, two knights and a lady, whom they were conducting to the garden for the prey of the dragon who guarded the gate. Orlando, having attacked the guards, slain most of them, and dispersed the rest, released the prisoners, who proved to be his nephews, Gryphon and Aquilante, and the lady the one who had so treacherously deprived him of his horse, which she then rode. By her artifice and pretended sorrow, however, she soon

obtained the forgiveness of the easy Count, who having mounted his horse, took her up behind him and pursued his way towards the gate of the garden, in company with the brothers ; but conceiving a jealousy of Gryphon, from his attention to the damsel, of whom he had himself become foolishly enamoured, he rudely ordered them to depart. After this he alighted, and seating himself on the grass with Origilla, near the wall of the garden, began to declare his passion to her. He had not been long in this place, when a lady seated on a white palfrey came up, and thus addressed him. Wretched man ! What misfortune has brought thee hither ! Dost thou not know that this is the garden of Orgagna, and that thou art within two miles of the gate ? And while thus exposed to certain destruction, thou dost idly trifle and loiter here. The Count politely thanked her for the interest she appeared to take in his welfare, but informed her that it was his intention to go into the garden, and that if she could give him any aid or counsel in the undertaking, he should ever consider himself indebted to her. The lady then informed him that the garden was the work of a celebrated enchantress, who had a palace in it to which she occasionally retired, where she employed herself in framing a magic sword for the purpose of killing a celebrated knight in the west, called Orlando, who was said to be invulnerable, and whom the enchantress had discovered by her art was destined to destroy her garden ; that she was at that time there, having repaired thither the preceding

day ; but that in order to obtain admission, it was requisite to continue chaste for three days, and that only at sunrise could he enter the garden. She then gave him a little book, which she informed him contained a complete description of the place, which it would be necessary for him to consult whenever any difficulty should occur.

The lady then departed; and Orlando being obliged to wait until morning before he could undertake the adventure, laid himself down on the grass and fell asleep. Origilla profited of this opportunity to effect her escape, in order to rejoin Gryphon, for whom she had conceived a violent passion, and taking Durindana, the celebrated sword of the knight, she mounted Brigliadoro and rode off with the utmost speed.

Orlando, when he awoke in the morning, finding himself a second time deceived, was extremely mortified ; but what more particularly embarrassed him at this time was the loss of his sword. As he was resolved, however, not to relinquish the adventure, he broke a large bough from an elm, and stripping it of its leaves and branches, formed it into a club, and with this weapon proceeded towards the gate. The sun was just rising as he reached the gate, which fronted the east ; at that moment it flew open, and the dreadful dragon who guarded it, shook his wings, lashed his tail and hissed aloud. The knight, however, undauntedly approached, and, as the monster extended his jaws to swallow him, gave him a violent stroke upon the head. This only served to increase

his fury, but the champion still continued to ply him with blows and, leaping upon his back finally broke his skull with the massy club.

The dragon being slain, the gate shut of itself, the wall of the garden closed so that no aperture could be perceived, and the knight found himself completely a prisoner. In looking around he discovered a fountain to which he repaired to refresh himself, and cleanse his hands and face from the blood and dust. On approaching it he perceived a figure of a man in marble, from whose breast the stream issued and formed a rivulet of cool and transparent water, bordered with flowers and herbage; a beautiful little tree stood on each side of the fountain, in the midst of the fresh verdure which surrounded it, and the image bore this inscription on its forehead, ‘ *By this river is the road to the beautiful palace of the garden.*’ Thus directed, the knight resolved to follow the course of the river; as he proceeded he was filled with surprize and delight at the singular beauty of the place.

May's genial hand had o'er the lovely scene
Her richest mantle thrown of emerald green.
Flowers of a thousand tints the ground o'erspread,
And thro' the air refreshing fragrance shed.
Here plains delicious meet his ravish'd eyes,
There verdant knolls, in gentle swell arise,
Where groves of pine and balmy fir displayed
A beauteous prospect and delightful shade,

Mid whose green boughs the birds, in wanton play,
Delighted sport, or trill the am'rous lay :
Beneath their umbrage herds of deer are seen,
Some stretch'd at ease, some feeding on the green ;
While midst them kids in sportive gambols bound,
And timid hares range fearlessly around.

He at length came to the palace which was situated on the side of a little green eminence, and of most wonderful architecture, the walls being entirely covered with plates of gold, enamelled with various colours, and the door, which was very large, thickly studded with rubies and diamonds. The knight on entering perceived a lady dressed in white who held a highly polished sword in her hand, in which, as in a mirror, she was viewing herself. When she perceived Orlando, she fled with precipitation ; but the knight pursued and overtook her in the meadow, and having taken the sword from her, threatened to put her to death unless she would instruct him how to quit the garden. But his threats were of no avail, she would not even deign to reply. He tried the effect of soothing words and of flattery, to as little purpose ; she obstinately persisted in her silence, and appeared to take pleasure in his embarrassment. Finding, that neither persuasion nor menace would succeed, he led her to a beech tree that was near, and there bound her fast with long and flexible branches of elm : at length recollecting the book which the lady had given him, he drew it from his bosom, and examining it, discovered that the first step re-

quisite for him to take was to proceed to a gate which opened towards the south, and which was guarded by a furious bull who was armed with one horn of iron and another of fire, whose strokes no armour could resist ; but that it was necessary for him before arriving there, to pass by a very dangerous lake.

He then left the lady bound to the tree, and, pursuing the directions of the book, filled his ears and helmet with roses, so as to exclude the least sound, and went forward to the lake.

Small was the lake but deep, beneath whose wave,
By pleasure lur'd, had numbers found their grave:
Through the pure crystal of its lucid flood
Distinct each object at the bottom show'd.
Soon as the knight approach'd its flow'ry side
A gentle motion heav'd the placid tide,
The boiling waters rose with gurgling sound,
And sparkling bubbles lightly danced around ;
When slow emerging from the wave was seen
A beauteous Syren of attractive mien,
She look'd a damsel fair, but cautious held
Her monster form beneath the wave conceal'd.
But when she sang the notes so sweet and clear,
In rapture struck on each enchanted ear—
From their green haunts the savage beasts repair,
And quit their boughs the winged tribes of air—

What numbers flock from grove, from hill and plain,
Charm'd with the music of her melting strain,
But as the shore they reach'd, the spelful sound
In deepest slumber all their senses bound.

Orlando, then pretending to listen, lay down as if asleep, which the Mermaid perceiving, came on shore with an intent to draw him into the lake, but as she came within his reach the knight caught her by her long hair, and dragging her into the meadow, to which she could oppose no resistance but her singing, cut off her head; then unclosing his ears, he stained his helmet, his vases and armour completely with her blood. Having done this, he repaired, as directed, to the Southern Gate; as he approached it, the wall of flint stone which formed the barrier of the garden disparted, and a brazen gate flew open from which rushed the bull roaring fearfully, and wildly tossing his head, armed with horns of fire and of iron, and such was the strength and keenness of the latter, that it would pierce the best tempered armour. Orlando leaped aside, and aiming a blow at his head fortunately struck the iron horn and severed it at the root. But notwithstanding this loss, the bull attacked him with so much fury with his horn of fire, that he could scarcely keep his feet, and so dreadful was the flame that the Count would inevitably have been consumed by it, had he not have been preserved by the blood of the Mermaid, which was the only charm capable of resisting its violence. After an obstinate conflict he at length succeeded

in killing the bull, when the earth opened and swallowed up the body, and the gate which till then was open, suddenly closed, and the wall resumed its former appearance.

Again the knight found himself inclosed, but consulting the book, he discovered another gate which opened towards the West, and was under the guard of an ass, a most singular animal. On his way towards this gate he perceived at a distance a very large and lofty tree ; having examined the book, he unbound his shield from his arm, and fastening it upon his helmet, directed his course towards the tree, keeping his eyes constantly fixed upon the ground. As he came near, a large bird flew from among the branches with a rustling noise, and assailed the Count ; this bird whose plumage was of a golden colour, had the face of a woman, with long flaxen hair, and wore a crown upon her head ; she was armed with long and sharp talons, which had the hardness of iron, and from her body exuded a liquid, which on touching the eyes instantly produced blindness, and rendered the wretched victim her easy prey ; this formidable bird as he approached kept constantly circling around the knight, shrieking dreadfully, and let fall in great quantities that liquid substance, which was like boiling oil ; it fell upon his shield and upon his breast, but did no injury to his eyes, which were effectually secured by the projection of his buckler. At last, pretending to be blind, he fell upon the ground and began to grope among the her-

bage, the bird then descended and seized him with her talons by the corslet, when with a back-stroke, he divided her in twain.

Orlando having slain this monster, replaced his shield upon his arm, and continued his way to the gate, which as he came near it opened of itself.—This gate, as has been said, was guarded by an ass, who was entirely covered with an impenetrable armour of golden scales; his tail, which was long, was sharper than the keenest sword, and could cut in pieces the strongest armour; and his ears were two ells in length, and as flexible as the tail of a serpent. When he perceived the knight, he ran furiously towards him, braying dreadfully, but Orlando, with his sword, against which no enchantment could avail, cut entirely through the scales, and laid bare one of his sides; with his long ears he however caught hold of the champion's shield and wrested it from his arm, when the knight with a stroke of his sword separated them from his head. Upon this the ass turning around, struck the knight, with his sharp tail and hewed his armour to pieces, yet he who was invulnerable, remained unharmed. The next attack of the Count was more successful; he struck the ass upon the hip and cut it entirely through; the monster fell, and began to bray and roar most hideously, while Orlando continuing his blows, at length severed the head from the body. Immediately the head began to whirl swiftly around, the earth shook with violence, and opened, and closed again after having received the body of the ass.

In the mean time, the gate had disappeared, and no vestige of it was to be seen. Orlando, then directed his course towards the North, as the book described an outlet in that quarter by which he might escape ; but it was necessary in the first place, to overcome a monstrous giant, who guarded it, and who was enchanted in such a manner, that if he was slain, two more ferocious and powerful would arise from his blood, and these possessing and communicating the same property, would in like manner proceed to multiply themselves to infinity.

As to the north the Count pursued his way
He saw a vale that fair before him lay,
Thick spread with flowers and level was the ground ;
Th' enchanting spot a lovely fountain crown'd ;
Near which, in order rang'd, on ev'ry side
Were tables spread with costliest cates supplied,
Which wide around delicious odours cast,
And lur'd the trav'ler to the rich repast,
In cups of gold the sparkling nectar glow'd,
And the parch'd lip with strong temptation woo'd.
Lur'd by the smell, attracted by the sight,
Though much these dainties charm'd the wond'ring knight
Yet fearful of some trick, some hidden snare,
Again the faithful book he cons with care—
There full display'd, and stripp'd of its disguise,
Clear shows the fraud to his enlighten'd eyes—
Beyond the fountain cloth'd with roses red,
Its verdant boughs a thorny thicket spread,

Beneath whose close embow'ring shade conceal'd
A cruel Faun her watchful station held ;
Her form uncouth, above a woman show'd,
And fair with beauty's charms resplendent glow'd,
But foul beneath, in many a monstrous fold
Its venom'd train a hideous serpent roll'd—
A chain she held which round the fountain led,
And midst the flowers conceal'd its toils entangling spread.
Ah, wretched he ! destruction's fated prey,
Of sense the slave, who thither bends his way !
Beneath those treach'rous viands opes the grave,
And death smiles grimly o'er the gelid wave—
Caught in the mazes of the circling chain,
When once approach'd, t' escape he tries in vain,
And to her bower compell'd, the monster's prize,
Press'd in her stifling grasp in horror dies.

The Count cautiously avoided the fountain, and hastily advanced towards the thicket. The Faun on seeing him approach, attempted to escape, but was soon overtaken and slain by him as she made no resistance. Then continuing his course towards the north, he saw the giant standing on a bridge, which was at a small distance from the gate, armed with a sword. As the knight came up the giant aimed a furious blow at him, but he eluded the stroke and smote him with the enchanted sword, on his right side with such force, that he cut him in twain. The giant fell dead, and his blood flow-

ed in large quantities ; the knight now supposed that he should meet with no further obstacles to his departure, but when the blood reached the farther part of the bridge, a large flame instantly kindled around it, and ascending on high soon formed itself into a giant, still larger and more terrible than the first, and soon after another like him appeared, both of whom had the faces of serpents.

Orlando was now much perplexed what course to pursue, but he fearlessly went to the gate, which the giants had barred, and notwithstanding their opposition seized the bar and broke it into pieces. Upon this they both attacked him with their scimitars, but to this he paid little regard. Convinced that he could never succeed in his enterprise by killing them, he resolved to adopt a different plan ; he sheathed his sword and ran and seized one of the giants, and lifting him with unequalled strength from the ground, whirled him around and threw him on his back. But while thus employed he was exposed to the blows of the other, leaving him therefore, he ran upon his companion, and laid him in his turn on the ground. But finding this measure ineffectual, and that he could not quit the garden, as the giants constantly opposed themselves to his attempts, he at length pretended to be afraid, and ran into the plain expecting that they would pursue him, but they whom the charm had constituted the keepers of the gate, would not quit the bridge. Finding it fruitless after several attempts to lure them from their station, he, at length, recollected the chain which the Faun had spread around the fountain ; thither he went,

and taking it returned with it to the bridge. He then seized one of the giants and threw him to the ground, and bound him with the chain, after which, in like manner, he confined the other.

The giants being bound, nothing further obstructed the departure of Orlando; but at leisure now to reflect, he bethought himself that he should have done but little towards the accomplishment of his engagement, should he depart without destroying the garden. He again consulted the book, and discovered that in the centre of the garden grew a tree, from which if the topmost bough was plucked, the garden would immediately disappear.

Determined to complete the adventure, he returned to the place where he had left Falerina bound to the beech, where she still remained, and proceeding onwards, came to the middle of the garden.

Just in the midst, the beauteous tree arose,
Profuse with foliage from unnumber'd boughs,
Distinguish'd o'er the rest, afar ascends
The bough on which the garden's fate depends,
Nought could with this in beauteous shew compare,
High rose the glittering shoot, erect in air,
Nor from a Scythian bow, with force impell'd,
E'er to that height, its course an arrow held.
Small was the trunk, the branches wide were spread,
Each day the tree its fleeting foliage shed,

While still renew'd the thorny leaves were seen
Each day reviv'd to shine in vernal green,
And 'midst the foliage, beauteous to behold,
Gleam'd the rich boughs with fruit of burnish'd gold.

This fruit was very large and ponderous, and held only by a slender twig, so that if any one approached the tree, the branches were shaken, and he was beat to the ground and crushed beneath the weight of the heavy fruit, which fell on every side. Orlando, who was apprised of the danger, formed for himself a kind of lattice work covering, from the interwoven branches of elm and osier, and covering it with earth and moss, placed it upon his head.—Guarded in this manner, he approached the tree, the fruit of which showered down upon him in such quantities, that he was scarcely able to support himself beneath the weight. When he came up to it with one stroke of his sword he separated the trunk, and the tree fell.

A violent earthquake ensued, the sky was obscured with clouds, thick darkness shut the surrounding scenery from his sight, and amidst the gloom arose a large and resplendent fire. At length the earthquake ceased, the darkness was dissipated, and the sky again became serene : but the wall and the garden had entirely disappeared, nor was there a vestige of the fountain or the palace left. The lady alone was to be seen, still bound to the tree, bitterly lamenting the destruction of her garden.

She no longer persevered in her former obstinate silence, but in a mild voice, thus addressed herself to Orlando.—‘ Valiant

‘ knight, I am conscious that I deserve death, ^{but} shouldst thou now
‘ inflict that punishment on me, thou wouldst in my fate involve that
‘ of many valiant knights and damsels who are my prisoners.
‘ Know then that I contrived this garden, which required the ut-
‘ most exertion of my skill for seven months, in order to revenge
‘ myself for the injuries I had received from a knight called Arri-
‘ antes, and a damsel who is named Origilla : I shall not detain you
‘ with a relation of their villainy, but shall only observe that nei-
‘ ther of them have fallen into my hands. Many captives have been
‘ taken at this garden, but much the greatest number have been
‘ sent to me from a bridge which I caused to be built over a large
‘ river, and gave it in keeping to a crafty old man, who allured
‘ many thither, and such was the device, that whosoever came was
‘ sure to be taken. He has a number at present in his possession,
‘ and such is the nature of the spell, that were you to kill me, the
‘ bridge and tower would disappear, and they would all perish.
‘ But if you will consent to release me, I solemnly promise
‘ you that I will set at liberty those prisoners ; and if you cannot
‘ confide in my word, take me with you, released, or bound as I
‘ am, and I will free the prisoners and destroy the tower
‘ and bridge in your presence.—Take then your choice,
‘ either of destroying them with me, or of permitting them to
‘ escape.’ The Count, who was far from wishing to put her to
death, released her, and desirous to free the prisoners, depart-
ed with her for the bridge.

(2) *The two brave friends and Amon's valiant son.*—Rinaldo having left Albracca, accompanied by Astolpho, and the two friends Iroldo and Prasildo, Saracen knights, whom he had released from the guards of Falerina, on his journey met with a damsel who was weeping bitterly ; she implored their aid to preserve her sister from a cruel robber who had seized her, stripped her of her garments, and bound her to a tree, where he whipped her in the most barbarous manner. The knights fired with indignation at this story, followed the damsel, who conducted them to the bridge of the Lake, beyond which, in the meadow, bound to a cypress, she shewed them her unfortunate sister, whom the ruffian still continued to scourge.

Iroldo dismounted the first, and passed the bridge, the wicket being too narrow to admit a horse. When the robber saw him, he quitted the damsel, and taking his iron mace, soon extended him ^{on} to the ground ; after which he took him up, and carrying him to the lake threw him in. Prasildo, who thus saw himself deprived of a friend whom he loved with the sincerest affection, solicited Rinaldo, who had prepared himself for the combat, with so much earnestness, to permit him to revenge his friend, that he yielded to his request ; but he had no better success than his companion, he was beat to the earth by the robber, and thrown into the lake.

Rinaldo, filled with the sincerest regret for the loss of these affectionate friends, then passed the bridge, and began a furious com-

bat with the robber, the contest was long and arduous ; the knight sought in vain to slay his enemy as he was secured from harm by enchanted armour which was impenetrable to his blows ; the robber on his side, in vain sought to strike the knight with his ponderous mace, for such was his vigilance and activity, that he constantly eluded his strokes. At last tired of this fruitless contention, he threw his mace at the champion with such just aim that he struck him transversely with the massy weapon, and dashed his shield in pieces. Such was the violence of the blow, that Rinaldo fell, though he soon recovered his feet ; but scarcely had he arisen, when the robber rushed upon him, and seizing him round the body, ran with him to the lake, intending to throw him in as he had done the others. Rinaldo however, struggled so forcibly, and held him so fast, that finding that he could not disengage himself from his grasp, he sprung with him into the water. Astolpho, the mournful witness of the fate of his companions then came into the meadow, and after waiting in vain for some time for the reappearance of the robber, and bitterly lamenting the loss of his friend Rinaldo, released the damsel who was bound to the tree, and departed, taking with him Bayardo, the horse of Rinaldo.

(3) Rinaldo, the son of Amon, and cousin of Orlando, was one of the most renowned Paladins of the Court of Charlemagne, and in prowess and wonderful achievements, scarcely inferior to Orlando.

(4) *Suffice to say, a knight who thither came.*—An adventure of Orlando, evidently copied from the stories of Jason and Cadmus. In one of Orlando's excursions, a lady, came up to him seated on a palfrey, whose trappings were of silk, she had in her hand a book, and suspended to her neck a horn of most beautiful workmanship, it was white ornamented with gold and coloured enamel and set with precious stones. She informed Orlando that if he was disposed to undertake the achievement of the most brilliant adventure that had ever employed the valour of a knight, he must sound the horn which she had with her three times. The adventure consisted in killing a monstrous dragon, in subduing and yoking two furious bulls, and in ploughing with them a certain quantity of land and sowing it with the dragon's teeth, from which a crop of armed men would arise, and lastly in destroying these enemies.

After much fatigue and hazard, the knight achieved this adventure, when the lady offered to furnish him with the means of taking a white stag, belonging to Morgana, the fairy of riches, which was so fleet as to defy pursuit, and had horns of gold, which he shed and renewed six times each day. But the knight, declined the offer, as he had but little regard for wealth, glory being the idol of his pursuit.

(5) *Though late by love bewildering, led astray.*—This passage alludes to a furious combat between Orlando and Rinaldo, at the siege of Albracca, whither the former had gone as the champion of

Angelica, against Agrican and the other knights who had besieged her. Rinaldo, who after he had drank at the enchanted fountain of Merlin, had conceived the most violent hatred for Angelica, joined himself to her enemies, and fought against her with the bitterest animosity.

After the battle between the two knights, Angelica, apprehensive for the safety of Rinaldo, whom she loved with an ardour equal to his hatred of her, and desirous to free herself of an importunate suitor, persuaded Orlando to undertake the adventure of the garden of Falerina, as above related.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

“ *Where Dudon since an equal fate had found.*”—See page 3, line 1.

One of the Paladins or twelve Peers of Charlemagne. The weapon employed by this redoubtable champion was a heavy mace, which he wielded with so much dexterity and effect, that he from thence obtained the appellation of *Dudon of the mace*.

“ *Nor Trivigante, nor Macon here avail.*”—See page 8, line 8.

In the romances of chivalry these names frequently occur. In those writings the Saracens are uniformly confounded with the Pagans, and represented as adoring Macon or Mahound (a corruption of Mahomet) Apollo and Trivigante; the latter rendered by the old English writers Termagaunt, whence the derivation of that word as applied to a shrew. What were the particular character and attributes of this god, it is, I presume, at present difficult to define; but from an extract from an old legend of Guy of Warwick, in Bishop Percy's *Reliques of ancient Poetry*, it would seem as if the romanceer supposed him the same as Apollo.

“ So help me Mahoune of might,
And Termigaunt my god so bright.”

As the writers of those times, however, were more distinguished for their abhorrence of Mahometanism, than a knowledge of its tenets, or their classical learning, it was not unusual for them

LE FESTE COLOMBIANE A MANCHESTER

LONDRA, 29 luglio:

« (PIETRO RAVA). Al pari della nostra bella e superba Genova, la ricca e manifatturiera Manchester volle, il 27 corrente, degnamente celebrare il quarto centenario della scoperta d'America, radunando un centinaio d'illustri suoi figli a sontuoso banchetto. Eravi pure presente l'egregio cav. Roberto Froehlich, Regio Console d'Italia in quella città.

Alle frutta, propinalo che si ebbe in onore dell'Inghilterra e dell'America, dell'immortale memoria di Cristoforo Colombo e della Società Geografica di Manchester, generosa iniziatrice della simpatica festa, il presidente del banchetto lesse una comunicazione da parte della Società Geografica Italiana, con la quale questa manifestava il desiderio di essere rappresentata a quelle feste dal citato cav. Froehlich, ed invitando al tempo stesso i membri della Società sorella a voler intervenire alla commemorazione che in onore dello stesso Colombo avrà luogo a Genova nel prossimo settembre.

Lasciato quindi il locale del banchetto e recatisi tutti i commensali al *Concert Hall*, si tenne colà una pubblica adunanza per udire tre interessanti ed elaborate letture sulla vita e sui tempi del celebre navigatore genovese.

La seconda di queste letture è dovuta al nostro stimato rappresentante consolare, cav. Froehlich, il quale, è doveroso il dirlo, mai non tralascia nè tempo, nè mezzi, nè fatiche onde tener alto ed onorato il nome d'Italia in queste isole.

Egli, dopo avere lungamente accennato alle condizioni d'Europa in generale e dell'Italia in particolare nei secoli XIII e XIV, venne a parlare della potenza marittima e commerciale di Genova, che era allora come le città di Manchester e Liverpool riunite. Le sue galere, sotto l'emblema di San Giorgio, recavano le ricchezze delle lontane Indie, della remota Cina e dell'Oriente in Ispagna, in Inghilterra, nelle Fiandre e nelle altre parti del Nord, ritornando poscia sui loro passi carichi di mercanzie e di denaro. Famiglie genovesi impiantarono a Londra cospicue Case commerciali, costruendo vasti magazzini sulle rive del Tamigi.

Genova, Venezia e Firenze furono le prime comunità che nel XII secolo abbiano eletto dei propri Consoli nella Metropoli inglese; non fu che nel 1485, che l'Inghilterra sotto Riccardo III, nominò un suo Console a Firenze nella persona di Lorenzo Strozzi, nome ben noto a tutti i visitatori di quella città dei fiori e fiore di tutte le città.

Mercanti genovesi vendettero perfino navi e materiale da guerra a Roberto Bruce per combattere contro Edoardo II; e nel 1347, per far fronte alle sue guerresche imprese, Edoardo III noleggiò bastimenti liguri, togliendo ancora ad prestito milioni da Firenze, milioni che tra paren-

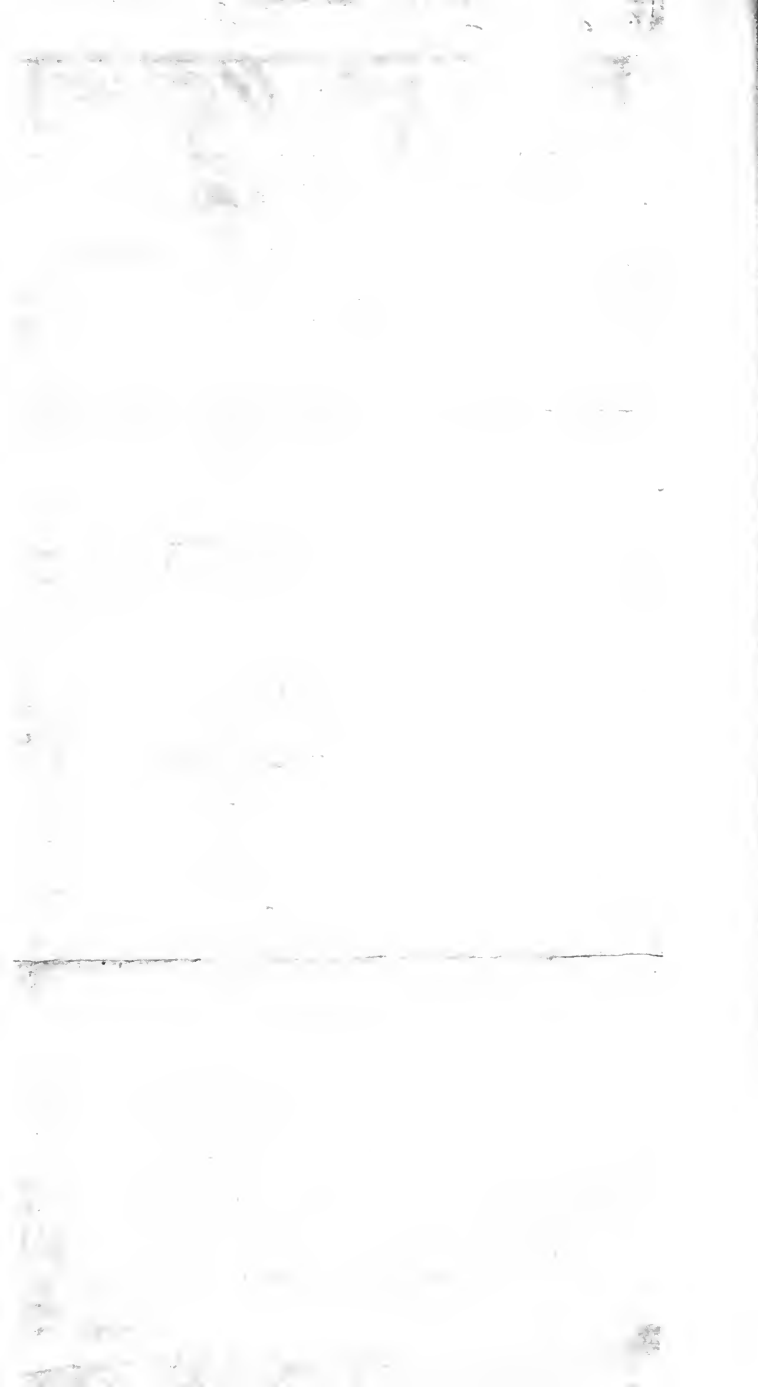
Primo 1-2 agosto 1892

Proseguendo poscia ad illustrare, nella sua bellissima relazione, quanto maggiormente concerneva allora il nostro paese, l'oratore disse che in 'aggiunta agli insegnamenti dei Genovesi circa le intraprese commerciali, si fu nella Liguria che Chancer, il decano dei poeti inglesi, strinse amicizia col nostro Petrarca. E non è qui tutto. Orazio Pallavicini partì da Genova per l'Inghilterra, ove la Regina Maria lo nominò collettore delle tasse papali, di cui egli, da vero genovese attivo e scaltro, seppe sì bene approfittare. da essere poi in grado d'imprestare forti somme alla Regina Elisabetta. Venuto a morire, la sua vedova sposò l'avolo del Protettore; tre giovani Pallavicini passarono a nozze con tre ragazze della famiglia di Cromwell, ed il grande Oliviero stesso ricevette la benedizione da una zia e due zii genovesi. Nessuna meraviglia quindi ch'egli sentisse sì viva affezione per la ligure Repubblica.

Il cav. Froehlich passò poi a discorrere di Riccardo Cuor di Leone, che, imbarcatosi per la sua crociata nella Palestina su galere genovesi sotto i vessilli della Croce Rossa e di San Giorgio, scelse al suo ritorno quest'ultimo, come patrono della vecchia Inghilterra. E si fu appunto circa l'epoca della caduta di Costantinopoli nelle mani dei Turchi e della perdita delle provincie nel mar Nero da parte dei Genovesi, che nacque Cristoforo Colombo, a proposito della controversia sul luogo di nascita del quale, esiste il suo testamento autografo in cui egli raccomanda ai proprii eredi di « lavorare per l'onore e la prosperità di Genova, e di fare ogni loro possa allo scopo di conservare la posizione ed aumentare il benessere della Repubblica. »

E qui il nostro bravo console, interrotto più volte da cordiali ed unanimi applausi, si diffuse a lungo sul profondo e caldo amore ognora nutrito da Colombo pel suo suolo natio; accennò al potente sistema bancario di Genova, distrutto al fine dall'invasione austriaca e dalla Rivoluzione francese del 1789; ed asserendo che la gloriosa capitale della Liguria è una delle città più leali ed affezionate all'augusta Casa di Savoia, finì col dire che la vetusta e patriottica Genova nobilmente sta ora disputando con Marsiglia l'onorevole e pacifica preponderanza nel Mediterraneo.

E così, se da un lato la Società Geografica Italiana non poteva essere più felice nella scelta del suo rappresentante alle fes'e Colombiane di Manchester, dall'altro lato poi, alle molte e segnalate benemerenze già acquistatesi dal Regio Console d'Italia in detta città per le sue assennate e continue relazioni al nostro Ministero degli Esteri, per promuovere e sviluppare i nostri scambi con questo ricco e potente paese, ci è d'uopo aggiungergliene ora un'altra per far egli, con tanto zelo, intelligenza ed amore, qui conoscere ed apprezzare i nostri uomini e le nostre cose. »



to apply similar attributes to distinct mythological characters, and those which were opposite and discordant to the same deities.

“ *With Brandimarte since them a pris’ner made.*”—See p. 19, l. 16.

Brandimarte was the companion and bosom-friend of Orlando, by whom he had been converted to Christianity. The loves of this amiable hero and his wife, the tender and beautiful Floridisa, form a very interesting part both of the *Inamorato* and *Furioso*; and his adventure at the sepulchre of the Fairy is one of the most pleasing stories contained in the former—an abbreviation of which in prose has been given to the public by the author of that elegant poem, the *Lay of the last Minstrel*, in one of the notes to his learned and interesting work, the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. As a happy exemplification of the manner of Berni, of his mixture of the grave and ludicrous, and occasional felicity of expression, the translator offers the following short passage from that story....Having overcome a giant of a very singular form, and a knight, after a long and bloody conflict, he is accosted by a lady, and directed, as the only means of extricating himself from the castle in which he finds himself inclosed, to remove the covering from a marble sepulchre; and to kiss the first object which should present itself. The knight removes the massy stone—a serpent of hideous appearance immediately raises itself in the tomb, and opening its mouth, hisses aloud and shews its formidable fangs. Brandimarte draws back, and claps his hand to his sword, but the lady with a fearful countenance and trembling voice calls

to him to desist, assuring him that an attempt to injure the serpent would prove their mutual destruction, and exhorting him to kiss it as the only means of safety. "What! (said the warrior) do you not see how she grins and shews her teeth, which look as if they were formed on purpose to bite off noses, and makes such a hideous step-mother's face at me, that it is enough to frighten one? On the contrary (replied the lady) she invites you with a benignant countenance, approach her, be not afraid, nor do as many others have here done, sacrifice your life to your fears. The knight again slowly approached, as this kind of kissing had, in his opinion, very little to recommend it, but as he inclined himself towards the serpent, she appeared so fierce and horrible that his blood was chilled, his face became as cold as a stone, and he thus said to himself. If I am destined to perish here, it may be as well another time as now, but at any rate I am resolved that I will not contribute to it myself. Would I were as sure of going to, heaven, as I am that, should I incline myself a little more, this monster would spring at my face, and catch me by my nose or some other part. I see how it is others have been caught by this same trick; and the lady has given me this counsel in revenge for the death of the knight whom I have slain. Thus saying he began to retire, resolved no more to approach the tomb. The lady perceiving this, was filled with despair, and thus reproached him, "Ah! coward, what wouldst thou do? Why art thou so base of heart? a baseness which will most surely

end in thy destruction. O thou of exceeding fear and of little faith, the path of safety is open to thee, but thou believest me not ! Animated by this cutting reproach, the knight again returned to the sepulchre, and his fear changing into shame, the hue of the violet became tinged with the colour of the rose. He yet hesitated for a moment, alternately prompted by fear and hope. At length impelled by a desperate courage, he drew near and kissed the serpent ; cold to the touch as ice was her mouth, which had before appeared like fire. The serpent immediately began to change, and by degrees assumed the figure of a damsel."

" *From taking booty to supply our needs.*"—See p. 37, l. 18.

This trait is in exact conformity with the character of Rinaldo, as described in the old romances. In the combat between him and Orlando at the siege of Albracca, before noticed, the latter reproaches him with his robberies. And at the burning of Don Quixote's Library, Cervantes makes the curate say, that "Signor Rinaldo de Montalban and his companions were greater thieves than Cacus."

GLOSSARY.

Betide, to befall, to happen to.

Durance, confinement, imprisonment.

Erst, formerly, long since, before.

Fare, to go, to travel, to be in any state good or bad.

Fated, secured by enchantment, or gifted with the property of being invulnerable or impenetrable ; or when applied to a weapon, as in the present instance, endued by magic with the power of piercing or cleaving the hardest substances. This word is probably derived from the Italian *Fata*, a Fairy, as in the popular traditions of almost every European nation, the fairies are supposed to have possessed the skill of fabricating armour and weapons of this description, which they were accustomed to bestow upon those champions, who were so fortunate as to obtain their favour. The Scandinavian mythology had also its elves or duergars, a species of being in most respects resembling the fairy, and endued with the same wonderful art of framing charmed swords and impenetrable armour. See the very ingenious dissertation of Walter Scott, Esq. on the fairies of popular superstition, prefixed to the tale of Tamlin, in the second volume of Border Minstrelsy.

Faun, in its common acceptation, a sylvan deity, one of the attendants of Pan. For what reason the author has given this appellation to this monster, who seems to have been the prototype of Milton's Sin, it is somewhat difficult to determine.

Fay (from the French, *Fee*) a Fairy.

Guise, manner, external appearance.

Lore, learning, doctrine, instruction.

Lothly, loathsome.

Losel, a worthless fellow, a vagabond.

Passing, exceeding, surpassing in point of excellence.

Perforce, of necessity.

Reck to regard, to care for.

Submit, humbly, with submission.

Spoil, to despoil, to strip, to plunder.

Trenchant, sharp, cutting.

Wpn, habitation, place of accustomed resort.

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